
Title: THE CRYING LUTE

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The lute in mine hands as
I softly strum,
cries for it knows the
hollow man I have become,
of my tragedy, of my
sorrow, of my lonely
despair.
Only my lute listens,
alone, only it cares.
Though I am a knight, and
mine emotions I hide,
I still feel the soul-eating
darkness inside.
I am a man of armor and
a man of the sword,
but the blackness I feel I
cannot ward.
The green swine came,
silent coward attacks,
with bow and arrow, with
sword and axe.

They came for our blood,
for our flesh to eat,
We hacked them to
death, our blades flaying
their meat.
Though I have loved her,
she still left this life,
her pale white skin
pierced by a goblin's
bloody knife.
But I am left here, an
empty shell of a man.
I cannot speak, the
sorrow is more than I
can stand.
Others drink themselves
blind, but I cannot
partake
The others celebrate, but
smiles I can't fake.
I will sit here by the
fire and softly strum,
only my lute knows the
hollow man I have finally
become.

